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# The Man-Hunt.

## AN AMERICAN BALLAD.

BY ~~HOPE HOWARD~~.

Up to the chase, awake! awake!
The game *we* hunt is man!
Away through forest, swamp, and brake,
By mountain wild, and lonely lake,
Northward, the quarry ran.

Come, gentles, come, the hound and horn
Now summon you to ride:
Hark! how their mingled echoes, borne
Upon the balmy breath of morn,
Are floating far and wide.

High sport for old and kingly time,
For Knight and Noble gay;
The game is *manhood* in its prime,
Fresh from the toils in southern clime,
Up to the hunt, away!

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Right loyally from Freedom's Fane
Her champions throng the court;
Her sons of old illustrious name,
Enroll'd upon the scroll of fame,
Join in the sylvan sport.

By royal right, first *Fillmore* mounts,
New to *such* hunt is he:
While *Foote* beside his rein recounts,
Like deeds of chivalry.

And *Webster*, reeling from the board
Of mirth and revelry:
With freedom's chart, and freedom's sword,
The while expounding all her word,
Rides "with alacrity."

And *Clay*, rejuvenate in grace,
With the old hope elate;
In heart he loathes the human chase,
But far beyond the doubtful race
Looms up the "*Chair of State.*"

Querulous and sour with peevish tone,
*Cass* mutters o'er his steed:
"This noise and sad confusion" come
Increased, by recent news from home;
But Clay and Webster both are gone,
Reluctant *I* proceed.

Round each patrician of the band
Crowd the retainers bold:
Men of plebeian brain and hand
Born to obey, not to command,
In markets bought and sold.

Herculean and grim, aside
With hard cold laugh and sneer,
*Benton* disdains the chase to ride;
But his dread voice of power and pride
The startled huntsmen hear.

"You'll miss the track where Catskill's height
Looms up in massive pile:
Where Berkshire hills shall aid his flight,
You'll lose the game to scent or sight,
*And lose yourselves the while.*"

Now *Ritchie*, in the service gray,
Lets slip the leading hound:
High *leasher* he, for olden day;
Hark! how the *Union's* savage bay
Proclaims his training round.

A blood-hound proved of wind and limb,
The "*Pennsylvanian*" comes:
The hunt of man is old to him:
He bays with savage joy and grim,
O'er ruined hearts and homes.

Instinctive howls the "*Herald*" loud,
*He* lives on *human game:*
While round their leaders fierce and proud,
With snarl and whine by hundreds crowd,
Dogs of low breed and name.

Fast on the flying quarry's track,
Huntsman and hounds sweep by:
In wild despair he glances back,
Above, around, from that fell pack
*No* coverts secret lie.

Up Alleghany's mountain wall
For life! for life! he flees:
The blood-drops from his nostrils fall,
On heart and brain are crowding *all*
His *human* agonies.

Upon the summit faint and weak,
Bleeding and bruised he lay;
His quivering limb and sunken cheek
The superhuman toil bespeak,
That won the desperate way.

Now, hears he, o'er the blood-hound's bay
Above each wild hurra!
The stentor voice of *Webster* say,
"*Our Constitution's legal prey,*
*Gentles, we hunt this Man to-day*
*For Freedom and for Law!*"

Electrical in Freedom's name,
The mighty accents come
To millions, emulous of fame,
Who rush to hunt that human game,
Though at the chase of wo and shame
The wondering world is dumb.

* * * * * * *

He sinks upon the mountains crest,
His strength and purpose gone:
And prays for his Eternal rest,
As blood-hounds by the huntsmen prest,
Silent and fierce rush on.

He heeds them not: for low and clear
A strain of music heard,
Seems to his half-unconscious ear,
As in his dreams through many a year,
The sweet song of a bird.

It warbled of a promised land
That far to northward lay,
Of open heart and helping hand,
In each of that devoted band,
Waiting along his way.

Up to the race, re-nerved, he springs,
New vigor o'er him steals;
Away, despair and doubt he flings,
Though round the hunter's halloo rings,
And the blood-hound's breath he feels.

Now down the mountain's eastern slope
His winged footsteps fly:
From where the morning's portals ope,
Come with the sunbeams joy and hope,
Come life and liberty.

Away! away! by stream and wood,
Rolls on that fearful race;
Fresh hounds arise, and bay for blood,
Fresh steeds, of metal tried and good,
New huntsmen join the chase.

* * * * * * *

Now on the Hudson's western side
Breathless, behold him stand,
While o'er the river's rushing tide,
An old man* in his strength and pride,
With eagle eye and courage tried,
Is hastening to the land.

Brave pilot of the poor, thou art
By many a wanderer blest,
Whom Nature gave her royal part;
Napoleon's form and Howard's heart,
To work for all oppressed.

No ready hand like thine may hide
The flying bondman's track:
The baffled dogs are running wide,
The angry huntsmen fiercely ride,
And curse the howling pack.

* Isaac T. Hopper.

Again the "Herald" on the trail
Is opening in full cry,
The echoes float upon the gale
To Catskill's coverts high;

And startle in his wild retreat,
The quarry resting there,
And viewing far beneath his feet
New England's valleys fair.

Along her borders, far and near,
Her thronging thousands stand,
Their shouts of welcome to his ear
Roll from that "promised land!"
Its thunder tone the huntsmen hear,
And, reining up in full career,
Hark to the pilgrim band.

"While Bunker's granite grey and high
Shall beacon land and sea;
While Lexington and Concord lie
Sacred to Liberty.

"While in our veins from pilgrim sires,
A single blood-drop runs;
While hearts and homes and altar fires
Are left to pilgrim sons;"

While Freedom's soul our land inspires,
And her great song is sung;
*Thus* speaks the noblest of our lyres
For every heart and tongue:

"*No slave hunt in our borders,*
*No pirate on our strand.*
*No fetters in New England,*
*No slave upon our land.*"

The Genii of the mountains old,
From out their caverns lone,
With Titan voices high and bold
Swell and prolong the tone.

The bondsman in the mountain glen
Knelt, as the sound swept on,
But ere he stood erect again,
*Huntsmen and Hounds were gone.*

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